THE COMMONWEAL

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A YEAR OF HOPE

PERHAPS no other aspect of the situation created by President Hoover's proposal for an all-round debt-paying vacation for one year, is more important than the tremendous proof which its reception affords of the power, and the responsibility for wisely using that power, which is possessed by the United States. The fact of that power has been doubted by none. It has been accepted almost as a universal principle in nearly all quarters where international affairs are discussed. But now it has been demonstrated, objectively, in so deeply impressive a way that the most determined isolationist can surely no longer deny that the United States is not only inescapably and integrally associated with world politics in the highest sense of the term, but that her rôle among the world's nations is the dominant one. Soviet Russia's Five-Year Plan undoubtedly has played a tremendous part in bringing humanity to a perception of the crisis which faces the world. The threatened collapse of Germany and Austria sharpened that perception with a partial vision of what may happen to Western civilization if such a collapse should come. The revolution in Spain, and the series of revolutions and major political upheavals in half a score of South American countries, together with the world-wide dislocation of trade and commerce, with tens of millions of workers thrown into unemployment, are further signs that all such events and conditions are linked together now just as surely as all major political and social conditions and events were linked together during the World War. And just as surely as the United States played the decisive part in the tragedy of the war, so it is her high responsibility to be the chief protagonist in the even greater drama of the world crisis of the present: the struggle to prevent another great war and to find a passable road to permanent peace.

Whether President Hoover, despite his own words, has really taken a step which can only logically lead to the abandonment of the policy followed both by him and Calvin Coolidge, which policy firmly insisted that war debts owed to the United States and the problem of German reparations were and are separate and distinct things—that question, like many others which are raised now in connection with his proposal, may well be left to the political exegetes. All such questions will no doubt be debated keenly, and hairs will be split with microscopic nicety. Perhaps the political philosophers of the next century will be in a position to sum up the

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debate and pronounce judgment. The task should be left to them. Whether President Hoover is stanchly consistent or not; whether he has cut himself loose from the influences in his own political party which created and maintained the isolationist policy, and professed to find in the problems of war debts only a perfectly clear and simple matter, merely the presenting and collecting of a bill for money hired out which ought to be met and settled in a similarly definite fashion—all such questions are insignificant in comparison with the fact that the President's action has sent a mighty wind of new hope blowing throughout the world. The fogs of depression, the mists of misery, the storm clouds lowering everywhere, are shifting and moving. Shafts of sunshine strike through the wrack. There are glimpses of a fair sky behind the clouds, above the fog, which the world had well-nigh forgotten.

Everything other than a concerted effort by all parties, and all leaders of parties, and all groups, to take intelligent and prompt advantage of the new hope should be put aside. The richest nation in the world—imcomparably richer than any other—the one to whom enormous sums of money are owed by nearly all the other nations, has said to all those others: "Keep the money which you owe me in your own pocket for at least a year, and tell the nations which owe you money to do the same thing." It may be said that this solves nothing finally. But such an answer would reveal a stupid lack of comprehension of what the message really means. The torment of debt, whether for an individual owing his grocer and his landlord what he cannot pay—or can only pay by dint of bitter personal sacrifices, and sufferings imposed upon his nearest and dearest—or for a nation, is an anguish keener than anything else in the world, save only the remorse of a truly repentant sinner for the evil he has done. One of our modern mystics, Montgomery Carmichael, has described it as "the ceaseless pressure of the finger of fate on an exposed and excruciatingly sensitive nerve." A year's respite from such an agony, experienced by every nation, would in itself be a gain of almost measureless good.

And if the year of respite, the year of hope, becomes a year also of friendly counsel inspired by such a fair beginning, what may we not reasonably expect it to lead up to in the way of permanent improvement in world relations?

The plan depends upon the approval and consent of all the nations that were involved in the World War, or which became nations as a result of the war. It would seem most probable that the United States government already knows that such consent will be forthcoming. To throw out such a proposal without that knowledge would be too desperate a gamble with the world in its present condition. Surely it may be taken for granted, then, that the moratorium on war debts for one year will go into effect promptly. That before the year will have run its course, the resumption of the payments of war debts and reparations will be profoundly modified, seems a logical deduction. But President Hoover, saying nothing about that question, goes even further than such an outcome when he links his proposal to the deeper and graver question of disarmament. It is true that he declares that his action has no bearing on the conference for limitation of land armaments to be held next February, yet obviously he merely means that it has no exterior, or purely material, connection with that subject—for he goes on to say that the action of the United States, being the "evidence of our desire to assist," is a contribution "to the good-will which is so necessary to the solution of this major question." That really is what it amounts to; and that is its chief value. Without the spirit of good-will, no number of conferences, no amount of treaties, will suffice to bring the world back to safety and peace. The United States takes the lead once more, on the road of good-will. Perhaps it is the world's last chance; the point at which the decision must be made by which the future is to be shaped. Man's free will must now stand a supreme test. The civilization of which Christianity is the soul may stand or fall by the answer.

WEEK BY WEEK

The Western Fling

MR. HOOVER on display in Indiana and Illinois demands considerably more attention than a paragraph or two can afford. Superficially regarded, there was no great amount of politics to be seen, the stellar advertising flourish coming at the end with an order to speed up the train so that the President could get back to work. It is the figure of a ceaselessly industrious executive, using up quantities of study lamp bulbs, which now survives from the imagery of campaign days. Why then go West? In order to dedicate the new tomb of Lincoln and the embarassing Harding memorial. Two jobs in greater contrast could hardly have been assigned. At Springfield the superlatives were out for an airing, as stately and august as they come; at Marion some kindly bouquet of forget-me-nots had to be laid on the grave of as weak a poor soul as ever bossed the White House. We submit that the President rose to great heights in the land of Harry Daugherty and steam shovels. He did not tell the whole truth. He did not say that the spectacular rise of Mr. Harding brought to the top all that was morally sick, corrupt, slovenly and overfed in that era of disarray which followed the war. But he was honest enough to suggest, from the inside, that it was bad enough to exact from the nation unwillingness to forget or pardon. The Springfield speech, on the other hand, was no masterpiece, and yet it did probably tell us as much about the secret springs of the orator's own conduct as we shall ever learn.

LISTEN to this: "It was Lincoln who stated and restated in impressive terms that its keeping [our national heritage] rests upon obedience and enforcement

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of law. There can be no man in our country who, either by his position or his influence, stands above the law. That the republic cannot admit and still live. For ours is a government of laws and a society of liberty safeguarded only by law." If all our efforts to understand Mr. Hoover have not been in vain, the passage quoted cannot be taken too seriously. It implies a good deal more than a reference to Al Capone. It involves the whole of Mr. Hoover's concept of a desirable national mind and its operative efficiency. The system, if pushed into a corner, would work something like this: laws, supposedly good rules but anyhow laws, would be laid down; thereupon the citizenry would conscientiously observe them, and such as refused would be pitched out by the heels. Nothing could match the efficiency of such an arrangement, if the proper concept of obedience could ever be drummed into people's heads. Up to a certain point it is excellent and desirable. But Mr. Hoover simply does not understand the influence of ideas upon laws—does not see, for instance, that the moment the idea of disapproving the prohibition laws gains strength, law enforcement is weakened if not doomed. More than that, Mr. Hoover does not understand ideas. He believes in suggestion, overworks it in fact. But even when he has had an idea—which we think is oftener than most people admit—he puts it in a corner where it can do no harm. In a kind of fear he no longer even bids it the time of day. And so, one by one, the ideas born during his régime have shriveled into manikins, which grin at each other in oblivion, while the White House works harder than ever.

IT IS a pleasure to observe that the resolutions adopted by the Advertising Federation of America are, at least in several respects, like recommendations in the new papal encyclical. "This federation subscribes," we read, "to the principle that business cannot realize its full development except through the widest possible distribution among the creators of wealth of an equable share of the profits of production and of the time economies made possible by the development of machinery. We hold this to be self-evident because no matter how great may be the advertising man's ability to create desire, such desire cannot become effective unless, behind the want, lies a financial ability to satisfy it." On the other hand, the advertising men feel that latent buying power, possessed by those now employed, is not being exercised. People lack confidence. Of course they do, we may add. The amount of fear now spread over the country is, perhaps, unparalleled. Moneys accruing are not even being used to build up greater fortunes. The stock market has been as inactive as an Egyptian mummy, real estate figures mostly only in foreclosure sales, life insurance has dropped in volume, purchasing has been curtailed to as near absolute zero as we can get without a shove. Money is piling up in savings banks, where it earns the lowest rates on record. The old demon Economic Instability is prancing over the national and international scene, frightening everybody out of their wits. We suggest that the banks take another 1 percent off savings returns (which would be as hard on us as on you) and use the money for an advertising campaign to show what is wrong and what can be done about it. Let the copy be written by a committee of the best men available.

Advertising the Right Thing

AN UNUSUAL angle on the birth-control controversy is opened up in *Harper's Magazine*. Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, writing of her many years of experience as organizer and director of an obstetrical and child-welfare clinic among Kentucky mountain settlements, sets down some startling conclusions on population and contraception. They are purely natural conclusions (Mrs. Breckinridge evidently has not the orthodox religious attitude on the subject), and intensive research would probably qualify them to a greater or less extent; but they are suggestive enough to invite such research from serious students. Whether their proof would be welcomed or regretted, it would be important. Mrs. Breckinridge subscribes to the overpopulation theory in regard to these mountaineers (and, by implication, in regard to other groups which combine poverty with fertility), though the usual repulsive features of this attitude are lacking: she understands and honors the deep family bonds which often develop among such people, their characteristic deliberate wish for many children. What she asserts is that the vitality of the mothers is frequently impaired by early and constant child-bearing; what she denies is that a birth-control campaign would materially lessen the birth-rate, since it would encounter both religious and intellectual obstacles; and what she advocates is, simply and solely, better living conditions. If the minimum of economic and social justice were done these people, she believes, that alone would regulate their numbers within what she would call salutary limits. We need not lean wishfully to this conclusion in order to test what may be sound in her argument.

Privilege and Fertility

HER REASONS are two-fold. First, there is the obvious one that uneducated women marry young and are often bearing children through a great part of the teens; if education postpones marriage for them, the number of their offspring automatically decreases. Second, she maintains that the more developed intelligence and the more complicated adjustment to environment, generally, go with a lessened fertility, independently of age. It is this contention we should like to see investigated. On the first, we may agree surely that, for women of our race and civilization, the early teens are too early for marriage; we could not oppose such marriage to restrict population, but we might easily feel compelled to oppose it out of bare justice to the individual. But how demonstrable is the second?

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"I do not think," Mrs. Breckinridge explicitly avers, "that birth control is the factor which determines the smaller families of the so-called upper classes. On the contrary, I do not think the upper classes could have larger families if they wanted them." We certainly know that birth control is *a* factor—how true is Mrs. Breckinridge's statement that it is not *the* factor? How sound is her contention that the privileged classes are relatively less fertile, quite aside from their feeling about children or their use of contraceptives? How widely applicable is her individual experience: "I can truthfully say that for every one of [these] classes who has come to me in dread of a family, at least twenty have come who wanted children, or more children"?

THAT public interest in capital investments has become one of the important aspects of our national economic life is once more brought to mind by the application of the railroads for a 15 percent increase in freight rates. The main line of argument used is much as follows. Rail properties, being "affected with a public use," are in theory supposed to accept the safe prospect of a fair return for the spectacular ups and downs of normal private ownership. On the basis of this "safe prospect," railroad securities have long since enjoyed a preferential rating and have, therefore, been purchased by such conservative guardians of public funds as the savings banks and insurance companies. It follows that if these securities can no longer earn a "fair return," many people are in for a financial drubbing. The truth of these remarks cannot and incidentally should not be denied. If our system of government is veritably the custodian of private property, then it ought primarily to be interested less in affording that "freedom of opportunity" or that protection against Reds, real or imagined, insisted upon by the wealthy, than in the maintenance, to the best of its ability, of the average man's conservative investments. This is often a difficult thing to do, and the machinery for accomplishing it has hardly been thought of as yet. But in the case of railroad control, the government occupies a managerial position. Whether or not the present plea for an increase in freight rates is justified is, of course, another question. It seems the best suggestion the roads could have offered. We hope the Interstate Commerce Commission will endorse it.

The Railroads Demur

WE DO not know what card games are played in Soviet Russia, but whatever they may be, whether the bridge so popular in bourgeois society, or games more attuned to the proletarian psychology, the players will be able now to continue Soviet propaganda even while diverting themselves. This is made possible by the new playing cards which have been placed on sale in the state shops at Moscow. The face cards of all the suits are designed in a manner calculated to cast ridicule and disrepute on some form of religion. The spades are used for caricatures and derisive symbols of the Russian Orthodox Church; the hearts are reserved for vicious lampoons of the Catholic clergy; the diamonds are devoted to castigating Jewish rites; while the clubs are employed to belabor the Oriental religions, Buddhism and Mohammedanism. On the aces are pictures drawing a contrast between the gloomy past when religion held sway, and the bright and glowing future as imaged by the atheists. The gloomy scenes are labeled, "So it was"; the bright ones, "So it will be." The joker in the pack is supposed to represent the Deity. Soviet consistency is illustrated by dressing the figure to represent a capitalist holding in his hands the lines which control all forms of religion. It is a great game that the Soviet system is attempting—a gambling game of the largest kind. If thoroughness and attention to detail are to determine the result, the Communists are strong indeed. But God may take part in the game, in a way not included in the Soviet's playing cards.

Bridge or Poker?

THE LOWEST savings bank rate of interest in over ten years, which four of New York's largest savings banks have announced to begin the first of this month, is another indication of what may prove to be the turning point in the present depression. It is a homely one that cannot be as definitely analyzed as some of the more spectacular events that involve lump sums, and what might be called lump effects. It represents, however, a funding operation of average men and women, and these mythical persons, though they may not, like the moon, cause the tide, are themselves the tide. They have been declared to be on a buyers' strike. Coincidently, their savings in savings banks have been reported to be the largest in history and to be nearly double what they were a year ago. Whether the decline in earning of their money under the new rates of interest will counterbalance the fright which has led them to build up these savings for a rainy or jobless day, is not yet a matter of knowledge, but it is our belief that money in these small operations moves pretty much as it does in large ones, and that in the present case the attractiveness of commodity prices —and retail commodities are for the average man and woman a species of capital investment in the producing plant—will begin to divert some of the streams of money now flowing into safe long-term savings.

A Purchasers' Market

THE BUREAU OF LABOR STATISTICS announced last month that as a result of the continuing decline in wholesale prices, the buying power of the average post-war dollar rose to $1.40. Briefly, then, the situation resolves itself into a choice for the average man of taking three and a half to four cents on his dollar at the end of a year by saving it, or forty cents on it now. Besides the indications already cited that he has built up a pretty fair reserve, there is another reason to think that he will take the second choice.

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The curtailment in retail buying has been going on for a protracted period and it is likely that a real need, which in turn will create a demand, has developed. With a turning of the tide in the retail field by purchasers to whom the new low interest rates are less attractive than purchases at present low prices, and who are stimulated by real needs, by reason of the period of curtailed purchasing, industry will in turn feel the good effects. The machinery is complicated; we may have overlooked some of the cogs, but together with developments in the international field, it does seem as though it were going to start again.

CHANGING FATHER TIME

THOSE who dutifully glance through "Ten Years of World Coöperation," which is a summary of the things tried and accomplished at Geneva, will come upon the statement that during 1931 diverse proposals for the reform of the calendar are to be examined and adjudged. It does not, of course, follow that any given plan will be universally accepted, but the imperfections in our present method of reckoning days and months are so evident that the chances for a change are good. Under the League scheme various national committees were set up and given the right to organize public opinion in support of their ideas. To date, most American applause seems to have been given the proposals advanced by Moses Cotsworth, a Canadian. Before examining these it may be well to summarize the defects of the existing calendar. The first is the manifest failure of dates to adhere to a given day of the week. Sometimes the Fourth of July is on Thursday; again it falls on a Sunday and must, in the interests of popular celebrating, be transferred to the next morning. This capriciousness may be considered an addition to the spice of life. But it often proves trying to business or to agencies—including the Church—which have charge of the festivals. The second defect is that our months come in assorted sizes. Every child begins life by memorizing "Thirty days has September," etc., but not all memories are good. Finally there are the fluctuations of Easter, which feast has a full month in which to range.

Mr. Cotsworth's program of reform is quite revolutionary. He proposes to divide the year into thirteen months of twenty-eight days each, the unlucky moon to be inserted between June and July and to be termed Sol. The 365th morning would become a nameless extra, appended to the tail end of December, and leap-year morn would appear as "Midsummer Day" just before Sunday, July 1. This scheme has certain obvious advantages: it regularizes the year, fixes dates and adds a month to the present scheme of things. But it has faults enough to justify sharp criticism. First, the thirteen-month year cannot be divided into equal parts. Quarterly and semi-annual statements could not be arrived at without considerable juggling. Secondly, all historical dates after January 28 would have to be altered—a very sizable undertaking from the commemorative point of view. Last but not least, the entire liturgical year, whether Catholic or Protestant, would have to be rearranged. While we are of course not qualified to speak definitely of such matters, it seems almost certain that the Church would oppose the Cotsworth plan in order to preserve traditional saints' days.

The German plan has been devised by Dr. Rudolf Blochmann, an engineer of Kiel and strikes us as being the most practical arrangement yet drawn up. Our customary division of the year into twelve months and fifty-two weeks is retained, with the provision that the reform go into effect when January 1 fall on a Sunday. The first month of each quarter—i.e., January, April, July, October—is to have thirty-one days, all the rest of the months thirty. This scheme does not permit all the months to begin with Sunday—a matter of no great importance—but it safeguards the quarters and makes necessary very little change of dates. The extra days are disposed of most cleverly. The leap-year present is appended at the end, where it is given a special designation. As for the 365th dawn of every year, that is inserted in the form of an "extra" between Saturday, June 30, and Sunday, July 1. This plan reverses Mr. Cotsworth's holiday budget by the most agreeable expedient of multiplying it by four. Easter, too, is regularized by being made to fall on April 8, the ninety-ninth day of the year—a time which seems particularly appropriate to Dr. Blochmann because tradition has it that Our Lord died on the ninety-seventh day.

We believe that the reform thus outlined incorporates every valuable advantage offered in the Cotsworth scheme without necessitating any radical departure from existing methods of reckoning time. This sound conservatism is, one may say, of great value to the Church since it obviates any wholesale revision of the liturgical year. Without any hesitation we cast our vote for the Blochmann principle, and find ourselves in agreement with the following statement: "It is greatly to be desired that this question of calendar reform should not be allowed, now that it has been opened to discussion, to rest again until it has been settled in a manner as satisfactory as possible." The knowledge that the world can agree at least on a dignified cultural improvement such as this would also be encouraging.

It is interesting to recall in this connection the veritable rumpus caused in Europe when Pope Gregory XIII, with the help of Clavius the astronomer, ordained that ten days should be deducted from the year 1582 and that thereafter the hundredth years (excepting the fourth) should embody no leap-year provision. Protestants at that time were too hostile to Catholicism to be willing to accept even a scientific idea from the Pope. It was not until 1700 that Lutheran Germany adopted the reform, and not until 1751 that dates in Great Britain and Ireland were the same as those on the Continent. Let us hope there will be less trouble this time.

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THE EXPOSITION AT PARIS

By LOUIS P. HARL

AMONG a hundred or more names of great explorers and colonizers inscribed on the tall columns of the illuminated fountain at the main entrance to the International Colonial Exposition, which has just opened at Paris, nearly a third are French. The proportion is just. Certainly not more than two of the four or five great colonizing nations can boast of a more glorious colonial history, a greater effort in discovery and exploration or in the extension of Western culture thereby. This movement, this influence, dates back to the time of the Crusades, so predominantly a French effort that contemporary chroniclers referred to them as "Gesta Dei per Francos," and left a French impress on the Near East to the depth of which still testify today the noble specimens of military architecture with which the Templiers and the Hospitaliers dotted the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. In a later and less military period of colonial effort the great names are, Spain, Portugal, Great Britain, France, the Netherlands. Every schoolboy knows this, and the American schoolboy, at any rate, need not be told of the mark which French missionaries, explorers and colonizers have left on the North American continent. He also knows that after this early and glorious page of her history France, through adverse wars and unwise treaties, lost her great and rich North American possesions, with other wealthy colonies in the East Indies.

What the schoolboy may not know, for we are curiously forgetful or unmindful of contemporary history, what the average American may not know, what even the average Frenchman does not realize, is that during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries France has built up another great colonial empire, probably exceeding in richness her former empire, unsurpassed in extent, wealth and variety of resources by any other, not excluding the British Empire, if considered strictly as an empire, rather than a commonwealth of nations. This far-flung republican empire, embracing half a continent and almost every race and climate, and with outposts in every ocean and most continents, numbers 100,000,000 souls and has almost unlimited natural resources.

It was to impress the importance of this fact on her own citizens first of all—to make them "colonial-minded," to use a current expression—and also, but secondarily, upon the rest of the world that France created the present exposition, which will continue until November.

In France, as Laurence Sterne long ago said, "they order this matter better," at least this matter of expositions. Paris has long had a reputation for her expositions. A friend of mine, who claims to be something of an expert, having visited most of the leading expositions in the last twenty years or so, insists that he has seen nothing to equal the International Colonial Exposition. British commentators admit at least its esthetic superiority to the British Empire exposition at Wembley a few years ago. Old Parisians who have seen most of the city's expositions of the last forty years consider it quite the finest. I am not qualified to make such comparisons. I only know that the exposition is marvelous from an artistic point of view, and a real proof of what the Frenchman can do in organizing a show, or building an empire, neither very easy achievements. It is a revelation even to those who know the French very well—to the French themselves, one might almost say. No American visitor to Europe this summer should miss it, and anyone desirous of making a cheap and quick trip around the world might well make the voyage expressly to see it.

The choice of the site at Vincennes, at the gates of Paris, a 275-acre tract in the woods bordering a fine lake, was a happy one; the choice of the exposition commission of artists and experts, headed by one of the greatest names in French colonial enterprise, Marshal Lyautey, whose work in Morocco has won world-wide recognition, was happier still. French taste, and the vast resources placed at the commission's disposal, not to speak of the remarkable efforts of a score of foreign countries, have done the rest.

Many a voyager around the world learns far less of it, particularly of the more inaccessible parts, than can be learned by a few days spent at the Vincennes exposition. Everything is planned to give a vivid picture of native life in the colonies, to emphasize the work being done by the French authorities of course, but perhaps even more to arouse interest in the art and life of the natives. Except for the metropolitan section, housed in buildings of modern architecture but excellent taste, the score or more of buildings representing the French colonies and the half as many fine structures of foreign nations have been built in the architectural styles of the respective countries. Some are replicas of great monuments, others symposiums of several monuments and periods. The same exotic atmosphere has been introduced in the hundreds of small stands and amusement buildings dotting the woods and the borders of the lake. Each of the buildings has been fitted up as a veritable colonial museum, and is peopled by natives of the colony or colonies it represents, in their native costumes, living in some cases under native conditions, sometimes plying their familiar trades. Hundreds of natives of every race and climate have been brought to Paris for the show, and cargo-loads of colonial flora and fauna, rare art treasures and curiosities have been imported. Only native boats ply the waters of the lake, and native food is cooked in the restaurants by the natives in their best manner.

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The pearl of the exhibition is undoubtedly the exact reconstruction of the famous thirteenth-century temple of Angkor-Vat, which, with its five towers rising to from 40 to 55 meters in the air, dominates the group of buildings representing the rich Indo-Chinese protectorate countries. Italy's building is a reconstruction of the famed basilica of Leptis Magna; the great Dutch building, which covers more than 6,000 square meters, is a symposium of various Malaysian styles and noted edifices; while the almost equally large Belgian building, with its high thatched roof and cones and colonnades of carved and painted tree trunks is in the purest African style. The United States has rebuilt Mount Vernon and fitted it up like the original, while our colonial possessions have pavilions of their own. The native princes of Hindustan have reproduced one of their most beautiful shrines, the mausoleum of Ghias-ed-Dine, at Agra, and embellished its interior with priceless private treasures of art. Palestine also has its building, due to local initiative, but it is curious to note that the British Empire, although represented, along with several of the dominions in one of the big modern buildings, by interesting displays, has no building of its own, perhaps because its vastness and diversity could not be adequately presented in one building. An interesting feature of the extensive North African section, which, with its numerous white cupolas and minarets, transports one to a city of "The Arabian Nights," is a complete Tunisian town, with mosques, palaces and souks, in which the natives live and work under conditions similar to those to which they are accustomed in their homeland. The Levantine states are represented by a building which recalls the palace of Azem at Damascus and of Beit-ed-Dine.

Among a dozen or more other buildings, many as interesting as the above, the visitor should examine carefully the handsome church edifice which houses the remarkable exhibition of the French missions, if he desires to understand one of the main secrets of French colonial success. Until recent years the French were the foremost contributors to foreign missions, and even today, in proportion to their wealth, French Catholics are liberal donors to this work. The White Fathers and the Fathers of the Holy Ghost are carrying out in Africa a labor of love and sacrifice which rivals that of the early French Jesuit missionaries in North America. It was of course in no narrow national spirit that this mission work was undertaken, carried on and liberally supported. Catholic missionaries everywhere have always been animated by spiritual, humanistic and international ideals. The moral, social and physical welfare of the natives have always been their sole objective. It is, however, curious to note that those nations which have kept the closest to this missionary spirit in their colonization enterprises have built on the firmest foundations.

With the awakening of backward and primitive peoples throughout the world and the growth of their sense of racial and national rights and dignity, it is inevitable that a return to this original conception of colonial effort, which was the conception of Columbus, will be necessary. I do not mean to imply that a generous and liberal policy toward protected or subject peoples need disintegrate into a policy of feebleness or complaisance. On the contrary, firmness and control in the carrying out of reforms and insistence on improvement are indispensable for success. The real betterment of the natives' conditions and the mutual interests of both dominant and subject peoples must be kept always in view. This can be done without a conflict of interests, for as Marshal Lyautey, a soldier and a Protestant and a model colonial administrator, has said, "The nations of the twentieth century can be rivals loyally and generously in the works of peace and progress," on the modern battlefields which colonies have become.

It is not without significance that—as an example of the modern imperial spirit—the first article of the constitution of the kingdom of the Netherlands identifies the 60,000,000 people of its far-flung empire not as ruling or subject races but as distinct units, of which Holland is only one of four parts, all of which, at least theoretically, enjoy equal rights. So too, several of the overseas parts of the French possessions are represented in parliament, where their deputies play no inconspicuous parts. There is at the present time a Negro minister. And the tendency is to increase colonial parliamentary representation.

That occasional and sometimes glaring abuses of imperial power still continue no one can doubt, but no open-minded person can visit such an exhibition as that now in progress in Paris without being convinced of the fact that the benefits to subjected or protected peoples conferred by European rule have in almost every instance outweighed the disadvantages. One learns, for instance, that whole races and tribes in Africa have been saved from extermination by war and disease; that yellow fever, smallpox, typhoid and malaria have been practically wiped out in many regions, and considerable progress made in fighting sleeping sickness and other tropical diseases; that the slave trade has been virtually suppressed, the position of women raised, the size of the population increased generally and its standards of living improved; that in French West Africa, the organization of which vast territory was only begun a few years ago, 600 schools have been opened up, and that French is rapidly becoming the medium of communication between members of a hundred different tribes with as many dialects; that in the Belgian Congo—that magnificent domain, seventy-eight times the size of the mother country with twice its population, which less than twenty years ago King Leopold gave to his people after having administered it for some years as a private possession—the heretofore wild and slowly disappearing elephant is being domesticated and promises to become as useful to the natives as the elephant in India; that throughout Northern Africa on many farms, native as well as Euro-

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pean, more modern methods are used than in many parts of France itself; that the entire railway system of Morocco is electrically operated and that motor roads and air fields are being built everywhere, so that in French West Africa there is already one automobile for every two foreigners and it is proposed to make it possible for airplanes to land at every village.

Nor are the benefits of sound colonial policies exclusively confined to the natives of the colonies, as one sometimes hears from another school of critics. Were such the case, one would hardly find the citizens of countries like France, Great Britain, Belgium and Holland continuing during a long course of years to support the fiscal burdens which their colonies so frequently impose. The whole world has marveled in the last few years at the extraordinary economic and financial recovery of France from the havoc of war, but probably even few Frenchmen have given a sufficient share of the credit for this to the wealth that France derives from her colonies and their trade. The average Frenchman, like the average foreigner, still thinks of France as a relatively small country of 40,000,000 people rather than a great empire of 100,000,000, with 11,000,000 square kilometers of area, and almost every natural resource —an empire which every year seems to knit more closely together.

The Frenchman knows that Havre is one of the great cotton and coffee markets of the world, that Marseilles is one of its greatest ports for tropical and exotic products, that many of the leading French industries draw their materials from the most remote regions and in turn sell them considerable quantities of goods, but he does not realize that a large share of the credit for the recent and now exceptional prosperity of his country is due to its colonial possessions. He does not know that North Africa supplies half of the world's mineral phosphates and could supply most of the minerals (except coal) and foodstuffs which France requires; that another French colony is the world's second producer of nickel; that the variety of products of French colonies is amazing and the quantities of these products which they could produce is so great that it is not beyond the bounds of reason to say that they could supply the whole world with tea, rice, coffee, all the fruits, vegetable oils, woods of most kinds, wools, hides, rubber, tobacco, cocoa, sisal, ivory, fish, cork, alfa and most minerals, as well as a large part of its cereals.

The picture of the average Frenchman abroad as an individual whose interest in foreign affairs consists principally in cashing his coupons as a rentier, and who under no circumstances can be induced to leave his native France, is not much exaggerated. Why this should be true of present-day Frenchmen, when their ancestors were great travelers, explorers and colonizers, is rather difficult to explain. It may be that the Frenchman thinks he can see the world by going to his cosmopolitan capital, or the great natural beauties of his homeland and his inborn love of its soil may be the ties that hold him. Perhaps like Tartarin of Tarascon, or J. K. Huysmans, he prefers to let his imagination travel and to depend on the exceptional skill of his traveling writers and artists to depict for him the rest of the world. More probably it is his sense of thrift, his so characteristic moderation in his pursuit of wealth, and his contentment with a little ease, that most influence him. The fact remains that the Frenchman travels but little and emigrates almost never. There are, it is true, in Algiers—the centenary of the conquest of which was celebrated last year—some 700,000 Frenchmen, but they are mostly offspring of an older generation, as are the French in Canada and in the other French colonies.

What the future of colonial enterprise may be is today more difficult than ever before to predict, but there are good indications that France is succeeding in holding the respect, sympathy and gratitude of her colonial populations at least as well as any other colonial power. The great actual and potential power of these possessions so long as they are in French hands is no cause for alarm on the part of the rest of the world. There is nothing more certain than that France has no desire to extend her territorial possessions and would be the last of the nations to nurture aggressive ambitions, if for no other reason than because she has little to gain and much to lose.

The Wood

The rich man bars the woven door
  Of emerald and jade
Against wayfaring men and poor,
  The bed of green moss made.

The sun dapples with shade and light
  The leafy avenues
And there are golden eyes at night
  And the dusk and the dews.

So far, no further, the foot comes,
  We take the dusty way,
But bees filling their honeycombs
  Go in and out all day.

But sure the wood's in merry mood,
  The jay is laughing shrill
The blackbird's mocking through the wood
  When other birds are still.

These for more than a thousand years
  Have kept their liberties,
These gay and happy freeholders
  Of the grass, of the trees.

Squirrels and hares and harmless things,
  Before the man was born
Were of the woodland, lords and kings,
  Many a night and morn.

There in the exquisite evening-tide
  Blackbird and jay began,
Chuckled and held the feathered side
  At the vanity of man.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

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CANADA AND THE LIQUOR PROBLEM

By M. GRATTAN O'LEARY

Comparison between the actual effects of existing methods of liquor control is, perhaps, the only means toward reaching an adequately practical goal. In the following paper Mr. O'Leary examines the experience of Canada in the light of data gathered by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. His conclusions, always interesting, include this: "The Canadian people do not pretend that this solution is a perfect one or that it has abolished drunkenness or crime or kindred evils; they do know that it has thus far proved to be a reasonably successful experiment. . . ."—The Editors.

IF THE Congress and people of the United States are anxious for a solution of their liquor problem, they might profitably study a report which has just been issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. It is the story of ten years of experience in the Dominion of Canada with the manufacture and the sale of liquor under government control.

For the past decade, Canada, like the United States, has had bitter divisions of opinion over the liquor question, the fight being between those who demanded prohibition, such as existed during and for some years after the war, and those who, convinced that prohibition could not be enforced, supported a system of government control. Prohibitionists, meeting with a succession of defeats in the various provinces, which, one after another, abandoned prohibitory laws, have never ceased their warfare against the new policy, holding that it made governments little better than national bartenders, that it increased liquor consumption by making it cheaper and more available, and that it brought the state into partnership with the liquor trade. They alleged, further, that government control tended toward a greater prevalence of drunkenness, made for a vast expenditure of money upon drink, for an increase in crime, and for a general weakening of the nation's moral fiber.

Without argument of any kind, and depending entirely upon statistics and facts obtained after an exhaustive inquiry, the report of the Bureau of Statistics constitutes a devastating reply to all of these assertions. Briefly, it shows that whether it be examined from a moral, a political, a social or an economic standpoint, the system of government control not merely marks an enormous advance over the old saloon, but is a distinct improvement over prohibition. Putting it in the simplest possible way, Canadians today are not merely drinking infinitely less hard liquor than a generation ago; they are actually consuming less of it than when prohibitory laws were in force, and when bootleggers flourished in the land. Further, and almost as important, there has been a decline in convictions for drunkenness, an indication that whatever of liquor is being consumed is being consumed in a more civilized way.

The comparison of existing conditions with the saloon days makes an extraordinary contrast. In 1914, when the saloon was still in its heyday, a population of about seven and a half million Canadians consumed 8,488,163 gallons of spirits, 54,140,859 gallons of malt liquors, and 1,000,000 gallons of wines. In other words, the per capita consumption of spirits under the saloon was 1.103 gallons, the consumption of malt liquors 7.558 gallons, the consumption of wines .138 gallons. In 1930, with the population grown to nearly ten million, there was a consumption of but 3,000,000 gallons of spirits, 62,000,000 gallons of malt liquors, and 7,341,000 gallons of wines. The per capita consumption of spirits had thus declined to but .306, the consumption of malt liquors to 6.27, and the consumption of wines rose to .741. Therefore, according to these figures, Canadians today are drinking only about one-third of the hard liquor they used to drink in the old saloon days and, becoming more enlightened in their drinking habits and in the amenities of life, are consuming over five times as much wine.

While the comparison with prohibition days is less conclusive, the weight of testimony is to the effect that, taking into account the peculiar conditions which existed under prohibition, there has been a measurable decrease of drinking since the advent of the control system. One difficulty in comparing consumption under the two systems is that under prohibition, when liquor could not be obtained legally, it was impossible to get dependable statistics on the actual quantity consumed. What is known, however, is that under prohibition, there grew up enormous bootlegging organizations, and that blind pigs and speakeasies and illicit stills thrived; and the opinion of the statisticians is that if the quantity of liquor sold by these sources were added to what was sold legally, then the figures would be far in excess of those given under government control. Further: in comparing statistics of liquor consumption under government control with the figures of consumption under prohibition, account must be taken of the fact that Canada these years has an annual invasion of about three million Americans, and that these spend, on a conservative estimate, about $30,000,000 for liquor.

Making allowances for this last factor, and considering invisible bootlegging operations under prohibition, the conclusion is inescapable that Canadians today are drinking less than they were when the prohibitory laws were in force.

That, however, is not all. Between 1917 and the early 1920's, when prohibition was in operation, or in operation in most of the provinces, there grew up in the dominion bootlegging activities, which made

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scores of millionaires, which extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific and which became international in their scope and character. So entrenched did they become that they were a factor in politics, contributed to the war-chests of the various parties, carried on vast lobbies in the dominion parliament and the several legislatures, controlled corrupt politicians. The truth of these statements are in the records and findings of a Dominion Royal Commission.

Under government control, with its well-organized supervision of all liquor sales, and with its campaign to wipe out traffic in illicit and poisonous liquor, bootlegging has all but disappeared. The cheapening of good liquor alone made it difficult for the bootlegger to compete with the government store.

And so with the illicit stills. In 1923, when a number of the provinces were still dry, the number of stills seized by the excise officials was 1,068. Last year, with government control in force, the number of seizures was but 280. So great has been the decrease, indeed, that government agents declare that manufacture of illicit liquor is practically confined to a few areas where people have made their own liquor, generation after generation.

A remarkable consequence of this abolition of the bootlegger and illicit still, with its decreased sale of inferior and poisonous liquor, is that the alcoholic death rate in Canada today is less than one-half of the same death rate in the United States. In the state of New York, in 1928, the alcoholic death rate per 100,000 population was 7.5; and for the whole of the United States, 4.9. In Canada, in the same year, and in 1930 the alcoholic death rate per 100,000 population was roughly .2.

Another striking comparison made deals with figures of convictions for drunkenness. In 1911, under the saloon, and when the population of Canada was but 7,206,643, convictions for drunkenness totaled 41,379, or one out of every 174 persons. In 1929, with the population estimated at nearly ten million, the number of convictions for drunkenness was 38,826, or one out of every 255 persons.

Finally, the figures of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics show that under government control there has been a steady decline in the number of persons convicted of indictable offenses; that organized crime in large centers like Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg is being dealt with more effectively; that racketeering is now a practically unknown profession in Canada; and that fewer major crimes are being committed attributable to liquor.

Other and striking things are revealed by the Bureau of Statistics findings, particularly when they are related to other demonstrable facts. There is, for example, the well-known truth that government control has taken the liquor question out of politics, that it has meant the disappearance of liquor contributions to political campaign funds, this resulting in a more wholesome public life. Clearly indicated, too, is the fact that vast sums of money which were formerly going into the coffers of bootleggers are now finding their way into the public treasury, and that this money is being used by the various governments for social and welfare services, to maintain hospitals and homes for the aged, to build highways, and to relieve the public generally of a considerable burden in providing social services. Nearly $60,000,000 of such money was collected last year by the dominion government alone, with an equal amount, if not more, going to the provinces.

But it is not for economic, but rather for moral and social, reasons that the Canadian people are coming to an almost overwhelming support of the government control system. After a long and sad experience with the saloon, plus an almost equally disastrous experiment with prohibition, they have come to value government control because it has given them the best solution they have yet been able to devise to cope with the evils surrounding the sale and use of liquor. They do not pretend that this solution is a perfect one, or that it has abolished drunkenness or crime or poverty or other kindred social evils; they do know that it has thus far proved to be a reasonably successful experiment, and that after a decade of trial it has wrought a considerable improvement. It may be that in the years to come Canada will return to prohibition, but at present there is no likelihood of it. Of a return to the conditions of the old saloon there is no possibility at all.

The Sea-Urchin

Up from her caverns dark and sheer
The ocean cast this jewel here,
  So delicate, so near its death,
  That he who holds it holds his breath.
A wave that breaks the schooner's heart
Has harmed this shell in no fine part.

Crusted with jewels in such wise,
Surely its maker thought of eyes
  And brain behind them that might be
  Pleased with the deft geometry,
  The mathematics of the sea.

Surely these ribs and groinings show
That dumb and darkened things can know
  In some dim way a fellowship
  With beings that can far outstrip
The sea in dark, the sun in shine,
Mix death and life and make sweet wine.

Now that this creature lies here thus,
Where is the daring one of us
  Who can affirm no angels' feet
  Made beautiful an ancient street,
Never an arm made water stir
Or grasped the flung Excalibur,
  And never the ox bowed down his head
  To heaven lying on a bed.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

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THE COURSE OF DIPLOMACY

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

AN EXCELLENT synopsis of the course of American diplomacy during the Hoover administration, is contained in Mr. Stimson's radio address on the work of the State Department, delivered last month over the Columbia Broadcasting System. Mr. Stimson's first four points of diplomatic achievement are obvious and consistent and fit together as part of our traditional program, being a continuation of policy rather than an innovation: (1) limitation of armaments; (2) the Kellogg-Briand Pact; (3) the quite logical corollary of the pact in Mr. Stimson's attempt to mobilize public opinion to prevent war, in the dispute between the Soviets and the Chinese government over the Chinese Eastern Railway; and (4) the signature of the statute providing for our adherence to the World Court, which still awaits confirmation by the Senate. All four are parts of the same consistently constructive program, flowing from the principle that "in the family of nations the maintenance of peace is the primary and most important function of foreign policy."

No matter what argument might be raised, no matter what criticism has been uttered in connection with the method of approach or the conduct of negotiations, the fact remains as Mr. Stimson puts it, that Mr. Hoover (and others before him) "rightly and wisely placed his finger upon the competition in armament which was going on between the nations of the world as the chief obstacle to peace." He is entirely correct in his appraisal of the value of focusing attention everywhere "upon the necessity, as well as the possibilities for good, of the cause of arms limitation." He could not add in such an address that naval parity between Italy and France would remove one of the most important and immediate incentives to a new war situation in Europe.

He is equally correct in his assertion that the Kellogg-Briand Pact, which had just been agreed to by over fifty nations when Mr. Hoover took office, is by no means "nothing better than a gesture." The essence of the agreement proposed by M. Briand and rediscovered and reproposed by Mr. Kellogg is the renunciation of war "as an instrument of national policy." Why, in this day and generation, should any statesmen propose such a renunciation? Simply because anyone who is not the merest novice in the affairs of nations, who has any understanding of history, knows perfectly well that war is an instrument of national policy and is consistently used in national affairs as a means to further national interests. It is so completely customary and so logically an outgrowth of the evolution of nations in the scheme of Western civilization that the present tense may still be used in describing it in spite of the adherence of over fifty nations to the pact, and in spite of the beginning of growth of public opinion against it. It is the plainest and simplest of facts; the circumstance that the Briand-Kellogg proposal was so widely looked upon as a mere gesture, even as a futile gesture, confirms the general recognition and acceptance of the fact itself.

Quite truly the dispute between the Soviets and the government of China was "a test and an opportunity," upon which action to "mobilize the public opinion of the world" was the only logical course for the principal proponent of the pact. The sharp rejoinder of the Federation of Communist Republics was to be expected and totally unimportant. The important thing was that the State Department did mobilize international public opinion and thereby caused actual warfare to cease.

Whatever technical difference of opinion may exist as to the adherence of the United States to the principle of a World Court, the fact remains that this, too, is a step in the mobilization of public opinion against international war. It is but one step further in a reasonably consistent American policy since our first beginnings.

The next point in Mr. Stimson's address might be fairly described as corrective activity; as an attempt to recover ground lost by our own diplomatic ineptitudes. Analysis of steps taken by the federal government to eliminate "historic sore spots" in Pan-American relations, must inquire as to reason for their existence. "Pan-American solidarity . . . is a growth big with promise for the future benefit of the whole world."

"State departments and their ministers exist for the purpose of translating the viewpoints of one nation into the terms understood by another. . . . Some of our most important work and effort at the present time lies in this direction." The Secretary might have added to "terms understood by another" the words "and acceptable to it." He might have stated without exaggeration that this is the positive basis of modern diplomatic intercourse and that "all our work and effort should lie in that direction" rather than that "some" of it does.

"For every controversy that ripens into a law case, many others are either prevented or settled by the cultivation of good-will between nations or by the patient negotiation and discussion of their representatives. This is the great business of diplomacy." So it is, and "historic sore spots" might mean the failure of that great business; the presence of the military forces of the United States in occupation of the territory of a friendly people, no matter with what justification they were put there, might be ascribed, not unfairly, to diplomatic bankruptcy. With competent diplomacy no such necessity should ever be possible.

This great business of diplomacy does not conduct itself automatically. Since it is at least half of the

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important business of safeguarding the orderly evolution of those principles upon which the American experiment in human relations was founded, its conduct cannot be safely entrusted to any but the most competent hands, and training for its conduct must be of the highest order. That this has not always consistently been so, and, in spite of real advance, is not yet so, is notoriously a fact.

The machinery of the State Department has not yet been completely adjusted to the interests of the United States; the efforts of Secretaries of State supported by the fine body of men within the Foreign Service of the United States will not prevail, without general public recognition of the importance of the functions entrusted to them; without intelligent analysis of what is needed for the proper performance of these functions; without publicly supported training of a personnel that will not produce "historic sore spots" but will, and above all can, "translate the viewpoints of one nation into terms understood by another" and acceptable to it. Nobody can do that who is not practically familiar with, and who does not soundly understand, the essential interests of the United States.

It is fair to inquire whether we have many such men in the Foreign Service, and if we have, why we have to draw men from the business world, from the navy, from the army or from Congress as principal negotiators whenever a major diplomatic problem is presented for solution. The answer seems fairly obvious that in thirty years of "career" service we have not yet been able to provide the means to train any large body of men in the Foreign Service to be executives equal to the men trained in business, in the navy, in the army or in other branches of public life. That is no criticism of the whole-hearted efforts of Secretaries of State and many other very capable men within the service to do that very thing. It simply means, if it is a fact, that for some reason they have not been able to do it. The safety of the greatest of our safeguards for peace requires that the system of training be examined helpfully, consistently and constructively, without partizan or group prejudice inside or outside of the department. Group and partizan jealousies within the department remain the course of the service, in spite of all efforts at reconstruction.

Mr. Stimson referred, in concluding his address, to "forty-five sudden changes in the governments of the countries of the world . . . during the major part of the past two years [when] the whole world has been passing through the most serious economic depressions of the past half century," and added, "Most of those political disturbances were attributable directly or indirectly, to the hard times through which we are passing, . . . many of them have furnished acute problems for the American State Department."

If the essential character of revolution has changed very fundamentally in the past thirty years, as I think it has, not "many," but all revolutionary movements anywhere in the world, furnish for the American State Department the most acute problem it has, if, as the Secretary rightly states, the maintenance of peace is the primary and most important function of foreign policy. If, after thirty years of intimate connection with revolution in three continents, I am correct in my conviction that the nature of revolution has developed upon radically different lines from those which we understood a generation or two ago, that function of foreign policy is no longer separable from the maintenance of domestic peace. It is the most acute problem that government faces today, and it is not clearly evident that men entrusted with government are facing the facts as intelligently, or as understandingly, as the problem demands.

Perhaps trustees of the public welfare are properly restricted in making public analysis of that condition. Perhaps a casual reference to forty-five sudden and generally violent changes of government within two years is as far as a public trustee can properly go in a public address. Perhaps a suggestion that a financial crisis produced revolution is as near the truth as convention permits a public officer to come in public, if such revolution be merely a domestic trouble within the boundaries of a friendly nation.

But is it? Is it a delicate, private matter within our neighbor's household, like so many of those private delicate situations we do not refer to before our neighbor's face, preferring to discuss them floridly behind his back? Or is the correct understanding of the nature of world revolution and an earnest mobilization of intelligent thought to meet it the most important problem of government and of public interest today? Has the Department of State, through its ramifications of world contacts, a sacred public duty to study that phenomenon profoundly for the public good? Is the department aware of that obligation, and finally, has it a sufficiency of highly trained agents fully competent for this gigantic task?

It is regrettable that Secretaries of State are so uniformly reluctant to take the public into their confidence concerning the machinery which it is necessary to construct in order to carry out the work entrusted to them and for which they are responsible not only to America but to the world.

Prayer for Health

Dear Little Mother of all little mothers,
Who needed but a rude barn
In mid-winter, for to bring forth
The Fairest Son of all time,
Grant that I may not do thee
The discourtesy of ill-health,
But that my mind may share thy sweetness,
And my body thy wholesomeness,
And that with both I may praise thee,
For His sake Who gave Himself
That the world might be healed,
And Who is the Bread and the Wine of Life.

A. E. Johnson.

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"OUR FATHER"

By W. E. P. STOCKLEY

SOME, who marveled somewhat at Benedict XV's warnings and warrings against inhuman nationalism, may marvel the less, the more they reflect on the late war, and on men's vain and melancholy ways, then and since. Pope Pius XI is never wearied in his words against such nationalism, under various aspects yet ever with the same self-centered heart; as is seen in Russia, and in l'Action Française teaching "my country right or wrong," echoed in a Hitlerism, with that same motto, in Germany. And few who reflect will deny that some such nationalism has shown itself also in the thirst for bullying of souls, in Mexico; or in the passion shown in post-Puritan America, restless when other men have freedom to follow their legitimate bent, and which when strong enough will not hesitate to enforce what it judges is the true national spirit, and that, even beyond its nation's borders.

Strangely, but (as so often said) truly, a local religious tradition may support such perverted nationalism, when belief in the religion has (except in the Pickwickian sense) passed away. The "Prussianism" against which propaganda fired weak mankind, a while ago, is a very real enemy of men. But it has not its dwelling in Prussia only. And one feels ready to say that the inevitable cosmopolitan sense in the Church Catholic is, in America, the check (the check irritating to some unthinking Catholics even) on the bubbling American instinct that we are the chosen people. "But, distinguish patriotism from idolatry of the state," said the Archbishop of Cincinnati, on St. Patrick's Day, 1931, when St. Patrick's Church, Cleveland, was being consecrated. "Growing assumption of power by the nation threatens to become a dangerous absolutism; . . . the erroneous impression gaining ground that citizens have no rights other than those conferred upon them by the state." And so they think that "the greatest crime of which one can be accused is not the lack of patriotism itself, but the lack of narrow nationalism, that intangible thing which has usurped the name of true patriotism." One of the first of those national religionists or false nationalists, the English Reformers, adjured "God; we may say, the English God." So, that anti-papal Bishop Latimer. "But there is no German God," writes the papal German Bishop Buchberger of Regensburg (Ratisbon) in Bavaria, "in God's eyes there is no special Eldest Daughter of the Church; . . . no language is there which reaches quicker than another to the ear of God; and, under the New Law, chosen people there is none."

Those words of the bishop's were in the Vienna review, *Schönere Zukunft*, March 29, 1931. Their need is very present now in Germany, exasperated out of international longings, by efforts to combine the impossible policies of punishment and peace—policy of punishment of Germany as having got up the war; and policy of European peace, with its central power treated according to a policy, a plot, or a plan, in which few have confidence now, as a theory; and none as a practice, to lead anywhere but to upheaval in revolution and war. And the ex-kaiser's son, Prince August, makes now a Protestant national "Prussian" speech. But the Catholic Crown Prince of Saxony, ex-Colonel of Imperial Guards, now a Jesuit, lectured, on March 27, in Berlin; and said: "It must be remembered that Christ died for all men, and that it is a crime to narrow and distort His image by looking at it from a position racial or national."

Nationalism, continues Bishop Buchberger, was perhaps never so extreme and violent as today; and, thus, it can never join hands with the Catholic Church. Anyone who understands what Catholicism is, must see that. Because "Catholic" implies, for the spirit of men, a fitting things together, a binding, a uniting. Religion is the making of mankind into one, the crystallizing, so to speak, of men's powers, not the dividing, the splitting up. And so religion and church are no special possession of certain sets of men and peoples, but are the possession of all human beings, destined as they are to be born again to a higher life. "One body and one spirit, even as ye are called with one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all." So this bishop quotes Saint Paul. And Saint John: that "all have power to become the sons of God." Nothing less Christian, says further this bishop, is there, than the thought that the grace and love of God, or even any special love from Him, are due to one nation, to one race; as if religion and church were matters for a nation.

Men of such a national way of thinking as this, understand nothing of the height and the depth of the words, "Our Father"; nor of the mighty truth that "there is one God, and one Mediator between God and man"; to them it is a foreign saying, that they shall "go and teach all nations"; and their ears are deaf to the echoing of the sounds ever sung before the Lamb, Who "out of all races and tongues and peoples and nations, has redeemed men, and made them priests in His Kingdom."

"It is a low line of thought, it is a false one, that dwells on separate national religion. In God's Kingdom is neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, but all are one in Christ. This only, obedience to God, and doing His holy will. To His wondrous light were called the cultured Greek, the world-mastering Roman, and the people who sat in darkness and the shadow of death. And then into the night of heathenish error have some peoples sunk back, who once shone as stars, in the heaven of the Church, and of learning and wisdom."

Thus, from the center of Europe, comes to us the warning thought. Shall it be so with some of the nations (as it will surely be with so many individuals among them), who have been thinking to make religion

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and moral standards for themselves; and who, scorning a Church Catholic, have ended, or are ending, without guidance, sanction, or rule to enforce or to support all that their better selves know is best?

There are terrible forces beneath us. One of the most terrible, in a form terrible, indeed, is hate, and hate of the Church; whose own members, alas, have done so much, or have left undone so much, by which that hate is stirred to its madness in blindness. There are Catholics to whom might come, as a reproach, words even of one so prejudiced against Catholicism as Professor Francis Newman: "May my country be defeated, if she is in the wrong: that is the only patriotic prayer for an Englishman." Wherein was the professor a better Pope's man than could ever bring himself to be, his more imperial cardinal brother? A papal England, less papal, this, than the professor, was heard by a friend of the present writer's, at a London ladies' Catholic club, in the days of the Pope of peace, Benedict XV. Never, said my friend, did I hear such slavish national language, such infamous abuse of an occupant of the Holy See, as from these crazed English Catholic women; for whom the Pope, who had not declared England's cause and works to be those of the angelic hosts, was a Pope apostate. "Pape Benoît, nous ne voulons pas de ta paix!" were the words ending a sermon in Notre Dame in Paris, by a very distinguished friar writer and preacher. This was told me by a not less distinguished French monk, who was present; and who went away sorrowful.

The great call is for Catholics to know more, of what has been, of what is—the good and the bad, in the history of mortal men of all nations in the Church. Among English-speaking Catholics there is not the less need. At least, in German there come out such publications as *Schönere Zukunft;* in French, as *La Vie Intellectuelle*. And their writers are chiefly laymen. English-speaking Catholicism has, no doubt, luxuriant growths. But watered by knowledge it must be, lest its roots wither, and it be a wasted strength, needed as that strength will be today—more perchance, than ever—to combat the madness of the peoples striving to destroy or to ignore the religion that is Catholic, that may guide us all; so that nations, as individuals, be less cruel, less selfish, less hard; so that they judge the earth with more love, even as they see it in relation to eternity; nor rage too valiantly with hollow voices saluting some far-off paradise here below; a thing, for the dulled souls and corrupted bodies that might stay in it for their little week, to be found not worth the staying in, for these men, for these nations; dreaming, as they were, of far other dreams, but finding themselves where right finally is conquered once for all by might.

Yet always, to the end of the world, the Church which is Christ—that, or she is nothing— will be for the rights of men. There, the ideal is love. Therein the strivings will ever be after the truth that is to be the everlasting bond between the nations of men's souls.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE CATHOLIC BIRTH RATE

Fort Wayne, Ind.

TO the Editor: After reading Father Ross's article on "The Catholic Birth Rate" which appeared in the June 10 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, I feel prompted, in the interest of further clarity, to send you the following observations:

While few would dispute that the birth rate among Catholics is higher than among the country's population generally, the rate cannot be determined with any accuracy by comparing the number of baptisms reported by the pastors to the various chancery offices with the total number of souls credited with parish affiliation. In numerous cities the priests baptize children whose parents are not recognized as members of the parish. The writer recently visited a priest who has charge of a Mexican parish in one of the dioceses of Texas. The priest claimed about one hundred families, but had baptized 260 children up to the middle of September. The Italian consul at Indianapolis told the writer that there are about four million Italians in the United States today. Now while it is not likely that one million of these, scattered over the United States, are credited as parishioners, the children of most of them are probably brought to the priest for baptism. The same Italian consul contends that there are nearly 900,000 Italians in New York, while we may certainly assume that less than half the number are acknowledged by pastors as parishioners.

Father Ross is correct in his surmise that there exists a tendency among the Catholic clergy to count parishioners according to a very severe standard. Usually they number among members in good standing only those who support the church by their offerings. If Father Ross would compare the number of souls reported by pastors with the number of families reported, he would ascertain that the result would hardly be a general average of five persons, or three children to the family, a number barely sufficient for the family to reproduce itself. Inspecting the reports sent into the chancery office here, I discovered that it is quite common for a priest who claims 500 families to report only 1,800 or 2,000 souls, which would be no more than two children to the family.

It would be very interesting to know the exact number of Catholics in the United States, and to know how well they are observing the natural and divine law in propagating themselves; but this knowledge would be procurable only by gathering the religious census from the people directly instead of from pastors. It is likely that five million people would call themselves Catholics if they were asked what their religious affiliation is, who are not so recognized by the clergy within whose parish confines they have their homes.

RT. REV. JOHN F. NOLL,
Bishop of Fort Wayne.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: As editor of "The Official Catholic Directory," I was greatly interested in the article by Reverend J. Elliot Ross appearing in the June 10 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, and wish to write a brief word of explanation particularly with regard to the fourth conclusion at which Father Ross arrives after his admirable statistical summary.

This conclusion is as follows: "Fourthly, the Catholic Church, although registering a very slight actual increase last year—only a fraction over one-tenth of 1 percent—must have lost in the neighborhood of 500,000 born Catholics."

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The Church may have lost this startling number, but on the basis of the figures in "The Official Catholic Directory," I do not think the conclusion is warranted. The fact is, many dioceses report population statistics year after year without change, although in most cases they do give statistics on baptisms, converts, marriages and deaths.

In the 1931 edition of "The Official Catholic Directory," twenty-seven of the archdioceses and dioceses reported no change in Catholic population.

The archdiocese of St. Louis, on their own statistics for infant baptisms and for converts, shows a total amounting to 11,228, while the deaths amount to 4,879. Accordingly, the net gain should be 6,349, but no change appears in their report of Catholic population.

In the archdiocese of Cincinnati, a gain of 3,571 is reported. The infant baptisms in this archdiocese amount to 6,123 and the number of converts to 1,068, a total of 7,191, while the deaths amount to but 3,539. The net gain therefore, should be 4,652, yet Cincinnati reports a gain of only 3,571.

In the archdiocese of Dubuque, infant baptism and converts amounted to 3,457 and deaths to 1,147. The net gain in this archdiocese should have been 2,310, yet Dubuque actually reports a loss of 297.

Similar instances could be given. One must bear in mind, of course, the possibility of families moving from one diocese to another. This exodus, however, should be accounted for in the dioceses to which they have gone.

Were we to take the gains in the various archdioceses and dioceses which have not reported new population figures, I feel sure that the apparent loss would be, if not entirely eliminated, at least cut down to negligible dimensions.

With the three other conclusions which Father Ross draws in his article, I am in agreement.

FREDERICK B. EDDY,
Editor, The Official Catholic Directory.

Cleveland, Ohio.

TO the Editor: Father Ross in his article on "The Catholic Birth Rate" puts his hand to an exceedingly difficult problem demanding the utmost simplicity in its presentation. Not every publicist can handle figures with clarity, and Father Ross suffers from the customary confusion noted in practically everyone who has written about the leakage problem. The four paragraphs of his conclusion, however, are quite clearly stated. Would that all of his article were as lucid. We know what he wants to say in those concluding lines, even though I, for one, do not for a moment agree with his conclusions.

We do not agree with him for the very simple reason that no parish priest in the entire United States knows his flock, one by one. He is bluffing if he says he does. He does well if he knows them "one-half by one," and I venture the prediction that most pastors do not reach that percentage. Census work in Catholic parishes has gone out of style in this country. Most priests do not do it any more, except in the most perfunctory fashion. Hence the computations of Father Ross, based upon an assumed parish census reported to the various chanceries and then embodied in "The Catholic Directory," are pure figments of the imagination. They are a monumental proof that figures do lie.

Here is a hint that they do. To the certain knowledge of the writer, during the past year, in nine different parishes, in three different cities, widely separated geographically, socially, industrially, economically and racially, where a most accurate census was taken, ringing every door-bell, Catholic, Protestant, Jewish and what not, the pastors interested reported an average of 36 percent of the people in their parish were utterly unknown to them, and hence they were not included in the parish census figures previously. Moreover, those same pastors reported that about one-third of their funerals during the year were of persons of whom they had never heard until application was made for a priest to attend the sick call, or to bury them. In addition to this, the increasing practice of children being born in hospitals, and being baptized there, is an important factor to be reckoned with in the tabulation of birth statistics, since it is the growing custom not to record these hospital baptisms in the parish church.

For these reasons, and others to be brought up later, Father Ross's figures are fantastic and without foundation in fact, and his statement that we have lost 500,000 persons last year in this country must be rejected.

FREDERIC J. WILMOT.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Father Ross's article on Catholic statistics in the June 10 COMMONWEAL was an extremely interesting, and valuable, beginning on a difficult subject. However, his basis for his assumption of a leakage of half a million Catholics from the Church within a year, is, I believe, if not misleading, at least bad statistical practice.

Anyone who is familiar with statistics should know that when they are graphed they invariably present a picture which looks like a fever chart, recording jagged ups and downs. For Father Ross to arrive at his portentous conclusion, which at least implicitly gave the impression of being an average, or tendency, by a comparison of one year with another, which might have involved some peculiarity of the figures themselves, a probable error, or some passing peculiarity of the facts, is a rather reckless proceeding. If he, or students who may be under his direction, could make a comparison over a period of years, the result would be really significant.

I believe it would be interesting to your readers if he would communicate this finding to these columns of THE COMMONWEAL. Possibly it would corroborate his present conclusion, but this would be mere chance, and what are earnestly to be desired are facts.

ALAN RUMFORD.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I tried very hard to grasp Father Ross's elaborate array of figures leading up to his conclusion that the Catholic Church had lost 500,000 souls last year!

I am not an actuary and handling complicated figures has little of interest for me. But may I ask such gloomy statisticians to explain one fact that even I can observe—namely, that everywhere I go Catholic churches are actually crowded, often to great inconvenience. Church building has gone on apace for a generation; many of these new edifices are large—some even are beautiful as well as spacious—but all are packed at every Mass on Sundays.

It was not always thus. How then can Father Ross reconcile his pessimism with this apparent and very real optimistic fact? I pause for a reply.

RALPH W. PRESTON.

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THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Patience

A FEW weeks ago, I had occasion to remark the exceptional quality of Milton Aborn's revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado." It was followed by revivals of "Pinafore" and "The Gondoliers." The current two-weeks' bill is "Patience" which, as a revival, is not only up to the high standard set by "The Mikado," but even excels it, particularly in the smooth renditions of the ensemble music.

Possibly I am a little partial to "Patience" as one of the most delicious bits of impish fancy which the Gilbert and Sullivan team ever concocted. In spite of the fact that it centers around the absurdities of the esthetic movement in England, it is somehow less immediate and ephemeral in its satire than many of their other works. "The Mikado," for example, is aimed directly at the current politics of England, just as "Pinafore," with its non-seaworthy Chief Lord of the Admiralty and his sisters, cousins and aunts, makes high sport of current naval administration. In the case of "Patience," however, the spirited shafts of Gilbert's lyrics hit human nature at large, the feminine worship of fads, the poses of poets, the stodginess of the military and the immovable mediocrity of the masses. With all its ridicule of estheticism, there is nothing quite so preposterous as the final appearance of Archibald Grosvenor, the idyllic poet, in the garb of

> "A commonplace young man
> A matter-of-fact young man,
> A steady and stolidy, jolly Bank-holiday,
> Waterloo-House young man!"

This last scene almost challenges the cryptic wail of Bunthorne when he confesses that his "costume chaste, is but good taste—misplaced!" But quite aside from the joy of having Gilbert hit in two directions at once, there is hardly a line in the libretto which does not strike at the modern scene as well as at the old, at the retreats of Greenwich Village quite as aptly as at the garden spots of Victorian England. Take, for example, Bunthorne's recipe for those who "are eager for to shine in the high esthetic line," who must "lie upon the daisies and discourse in novel phrases of their complicated state of mind." Was it yesterday or today Gilbert was writing of when he concluded:

> "And everyone will say
> As you walk your mystic way,
> If this young man expresses himself in terms too deep
> for me,
> Why, what a very singularly deep young man this deep
> young man must be!"

At all events, "Patience" has qualities of distinction and of satirical thought to be compared only to some of the comedies of Aristophanes, and particularly to "The Frogs." With these qualities, it combines some of the loveliest melodies and chorals which Sullivan ever wrote. His musical mood never fails to catch the import and spirit of the words, whether in such fragile bits as the duet of Patience and Angela about the "little, little boy" or Grosvenor's lament about the "magnet hung in a hardware shop" or in the more rapturous outpourings of the twenty love-sick maidens.

"Patience" deserves only the best in stage production. The old Provincetown group once gave a very amusing version of it, from which only the pungency of the words and lyrics emerged, thanks to a cast in which only one or two could boast singing voices. But the real joy of a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta only comes with the full and rich contrast between the absurdity of the plot and lyrics and the genuine beauty of the music—a real fusion of apparently incongruous opposites. Mr. Aborn's productions accomplish just such a fusion. It would be hard to find better vocal equipment on the light opera stage than that of Howard Marsh as tenor, William C. Gordon as bass and Joseph Macaulay as baritone, with Vivian Hart as light soprano, and Dean Dickens and Anne Yago as contraltos. Mr. Aborn's orchestra is not, perhaps, as adept as it might be, but it furnishes a thoroughly adequate accompaniment. Those two old war-horses of Gilbertian verse, Frank Moulan and William Danforth, can lay little claim to vocal equipment, but they more than make up for this lack with their perfect understanding of Gilbertian spirit. Frank Moulan's Bunthorne is particularly happy in clarity of diction and freedom from overaction. Joseph Macaulay's voice, as Grosvenor, can be put down as the musical treat of the evening, closely seconded by Vivian Hart's lyric Patience. Anne Yago adds no small pleasure as the weighty Lady Jane, especially in her sad plaint that "There will be too much of me, in the coming bye and bye!" As a last note, let me add once more the fact that these revivals are at popular prices, with $2.00 top price, and that New York is responding with capacity audiences—much to the dismay, I imagine, of more "sophisticated" Broadway managers! (At the Erlanger Theatre.)

Tabu

ALTHOUGH not a picture of extraordinary qualities, F. W. Murnau's story of the South Seas, with none but native and half-breed actors, serves as an excellent illustration of the adaptability of new screen methods to varied material. The picture has no dialogue. Like the German film of several years ago, "The Last Laugh," it has almost no captions, the only explanation of the action coming from the reproduction of three or four letters and documents. The musical accompaniment is made an integral part of the action, and there are occasional effects of music and song blending into the regular score.

I mentioned some two or three years ago that one of the chief difficulties of the talking picture would be to keep the illusion of reality in the case of stories in foreign or historical settings. Mr. Murnau showed good judgment in not attempting to simulate native talk with American actors. Like the "Silent Enemy" and several other nature epics, "Tabu" rests its case on authenticity of detail and on the drama of objective action. It makes very obvious use of festival and dancing scenes to introduce some of the features supposed to appeal to popular taste, but these are well balanced by scenes of sincere beauty and rich romanticism. The story concerns the romance and tragedy of a tribal girl selected to be a sort of Vestal virgin and priestess of a native god. She makes her escape with a young pearl diver to a neighboring island, but is followed there by the tribal leader, and forced to return in order to save her lover's life. As she is carried away in a small boat, he swims after her desperately, and at last sinks from sight in utter exhaustion. It is a sort of "Tristan and Isolde" of the South Seas, ably done in settings of rare beauty, fully capturing the illusion of real events. The simple dignity of the native actors confirms the impression created by several recent Negro plays in this country that acting becomes a difficult art only for the sophisticated. The unaffected naturalness and spontaneity of these natives in "Tabu" is something of a joy.

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BOOKS

Dogmatic Evolution

Creation by Evolution: A Consensus of Present-day Knowledge by Leading Authorities; edited by Frances Mason. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THE MOST interesting feature of this volume is the emphatic insistence by practically all the writers that evolution must be accepted and that there is no other possible explanation for the world around them. The word "must" has no place in science. It is used only when there is no definite proof. One of the contributors, Professor Parker of Harvard, writing on vestigial organs, says toward the end of his paper, "Organic evolution is not a principle that is open to direct and simple proof." His last sentence is, "Vestigial organs afford as indisputable proof of the correctness of the evolutionary view as can reasonably be expected." Yet it must not be forgotten that there are not nearly half as many so-called vestigial organs now as there used to be a generation ago and their number is gradually decreasing as we get to know more about man and his body.

Under the circumstances it would seem as though we should have had in a volume of this kind a little more emphasis on the fact that we are as yet only on the threshold of our knowledge of evolution. Much still remains to be known and some of that future knowledge may very seriously disturb theories that now look as certain to scientists as the Ptolemaic theory did to Francis Bacon, the father of inductive science, nearly a century after Copernicus's death.

Professor Lloyd Morgan, in his paper on "The Mind and Evolution," dwells on the fact that "in every field of inquiry we find abundant evidence of that which is the very opposite of evolution and is sometimes called degeneration or devolution." He prefers to call it "dissolution." "Evolution is progress, dissolution is regress." Professor Dwight of Harvard, whose long study of anomalies and deformities gave him a right to an opinion on the subject, emphasized this occurrence of degeneration because any acceptable theory of the universe would have to account for this as well as for any evolution there may be.

Professor Conklin of Princeton, in the paper on "Embryology and Evolution," has at the beginning of the last paragraph an appealing sentence that reminds the reader not a little of the last sentence of Darwin's "Origin of Species," which so few Darwin devotees seem to have read: "How much truer and better is the view that God made the first man as He has made the last, and that divine power and wisdom are shown just as fully in the development of the last human child as in the origin of the first!" The ring of the true scholar sounds in that sentence. There is need of more such conservatism.

JAMES J. WALSH.

Parson Woodforde's Finale

The Diary of a Country Parson, Volume V; edited by John Beresford. New York: Oxford University Press. $4.25.

WHAT the Reverend James Woodforde, Anglican parson of the eighteenth century, recorded of his tranquil life—how prosaic and remote that seems from the multifarious problems, the five-year plans and the excited literature of our time! And yet it has been my pleasure to say of previous volumes of the "Diary" that few books are either more companionable or more instructive. Here is the rhythm of a life lived to the tune

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of nature's own, and yet always given a strong human accent. *One,* two, three, four—*one,* two three, four—the measure is inevitable, dull if you like, but real. I could wish the derelict on his desert island no better fate than that the five volumes of Parson Woodforde should be washed ashore in a strip of tarpaulin; and perhaps we, shipwrecked into nature-foreign anonymity, need them more and could profitably love them better.

In the present section the parson is noticeably a little older. The gout seldom fails to exact at least a twinge, and there are many occasions when he cannot officiate in Weston church. One likewise notices him taking to cards more frequently, gains and losses at which are set down with imperturbable honesty. His menus are, as usual, the wonder of a more abstemious generation hardly up to the leg of mutton, the turkey, the "pig rosted" and the almost interminable series of additions which formed good British fare in those days. Yet food was a good deal harder to get in these particular years, when England was often sorely afraid of Napoleonic invasion, and measures not unlike the present-day dole had to be adopted in order to keep whole multitudes alive. The parson was able to raise a stanch cheer whenever Nelson or somebody trounced the French, and in general he left no one in doubt as to his sterling patriotism. Most essential, however, is his enduring kindliness of heart. No reader will fail to be charmed by passages such as this: "Holland the Chimney Sweeper swept my Study Chimney. Parlour ditto. He had a new boy with him who had likely to have lost his Life this Morning at Weston House in sticking in one Chimney. I gave the poor Boy a Shilling." What could be nicer!

Inevitably the best of things comes to an end, and Parson Woodforde stopped writing entries into the "Diary" some three months before his death. That he remained his sturdy self to the final scene is evident enough from the last words which appear: "Very weak this morning, scarce able to put on my Cloaths and with great difficulty, get down Stairs with help. . . . Dinner today, Rost Beef&c." What Englishman would not be proud at having finished off like that? Yes, Parson Woodforde was one of those of whom Housman was thinking, surely, when he wrote:

> "Get ye the sons your fathers got
> And God will save the Queen."

PAUL CROWLEY.

Classroom Methods

Educational Psychology, by Jules de la Vaissiere, S.J.; authorized translation from the fifth French edition by S. A. Raemers. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $2.75.

IT IS only recently that Catholic literature in English in the field of education has begun to be available. Text-books that would meet the need of college classes have not been easy to find, and in this particular field of educational psychology the dearth of available texts seems to have been total. Partly, no doubt, this is due to the fact that it is only in very late years that we have become acutely conscious of our needs in this direction. But with the growth of the study of education subjects in the colleges, it has now become evident that we cannot continue to be satisfied to teach out of texts that are based on a philosophy and a psychology which we cannot approve. This, perhaps rather belated, recognition of our need gives promise of an awakened interest for the kind of work Dr. Raemers has done in translating the "Psychologie Pedagogique" of Father de la Vaissiere.

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Dr. Raemers has accomplished his task as translator very creditably. He has given us a very readable text which has the added advantage of being a reliable résumé of recent research in the subject.

Father de la Vaissiere is already known to English readers through the translation of his book on experimental psychology. He is not committed to a belief in a psychology that is purely experimental, yet he recognizes the value of experiments for the light they can throw on problems that otherwise would remain obscure. In every chapter of his book leading tests and experiments are set down and explained. And his choice of experiments and tests is by no means narrow. He shows himself acquainted with the work in experimental education that is being done in France, Germany, England and America, and his refernces to the pertinent literature show the same wide reach. But he is not satisfied with merely recounting or even explaining such tests and experiments. He proceeds to evaluate them and the results which they are thought to establish. And, of course, there is never any doubt that he looks on the aims and methods of the educational process from a standpoint that is altogether Catholic. A student, then, who has used this text-book would know, at least, how the results of educational psychology have been arrived at and he would have been led to an evaluation of these results and the experiments on which they rest.

Though not without hope that it will not always be necessary for us to look abroad for our texts, even in such rather technical subjects as this, we must welcome this translation as an interim provision for an urgent need.

JOHN F. MCCORMICK.

Irish Love and Doom

The Doom of Conairé Mor, by W. E. Walsh. New York: Louis Carrier and Alan Isles, Incorporated. $3.00.

THIS redaction of an old Irish legend is like a mosaic made of fragments from many of the pagan Gaelic tales. It is interesting in two aspects: as a story, and as a welcome proof of the slow infiltration of Gaelic matter into the literature of the world. From his wide knowledge of the great romantic and intellectual treasures in early Irish epic literature, Mr. Walsh has chosen a story of gripping interest and useful in illustrating life in those spacious times.

"The Doom of Conairé Mor" brings to life not only a small group of characters but a lost world and a forgotten social order. Mr. Walsh's way of illustrating many phases of ancient Irish life by describing accessory scenes and incidents is a bit obvious and somewhat slows the action. His style shifts from plain modern diction to the redundant manner of the old tales, and from that to the contemporary peasant diction made familiar by Lady Gregory and Synge. Only in the final chapters, in scenes of battle, does he achieve a wholly satisfactory narrative manner. Over his chief characters the author has cast a disturbing light of all-too-great nobility, but his heroine is a typical Irish girl. He has written a most attractive love story in the pure romantic tradition.

To the student of ancient Gaelic lore this book is, of course, important. More important is its availability as an introduction to such studies, and it is to be hoped great numbers of intelligent readers of Irish descent, too careless of their heritage, will turn to it. It is a handsome volume with typography by Samuel Aiwaz Jacobs and decorations by Pierre Saint-Loup evocative of the ancient days of Ireland.

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Briefer Mention

The Forest Ship, by Arnold Hollriegel; translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

BECAUSE "The Forest Ship" is a novel consisting of two distinct stories it loses much of its effectiveness. Dr. Burnhard Schwarz, schoolmaster from Czechoslovakia, is a passenger on a cruise ship scheduled to ascend the Amazon to Manaos. An incipient Brazilian revolution halts the steamer at Parà, from which port it eventually returns to Europe. The doctor, however, through long years of teaching, had made the trip to Manaos the crystallization of his dream of a spiritual pilgrimage which had become vital to his happiness. The author has described with sympathy and skill the psychology of his hero and the latter's one pathetic encounter with the jungle has strong elements of ironic tragedy. At this point is introduced the story of Francisco de Orellana and his "forest ship"—the ship in which the Amazon was first sailed by white man. Hollriegel's narrative of this voyage, true to many salient historical details, has been so mixed with fancy that no one could accept it as other than imaginative writing. Nor is there much cause for surprise in the fact that the author has accepted controversial accounts of history as fact. As imaginative writing, however, the novel takes high place—an achievement which is greatly due to the poetical and beautiful translation.

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck. New York: The John Day Company. $2.50.

IN MRS. BUCK'S second novel on China, she does not permit the picturesque setting of her story to dominate interest. Instead the exoticism of the Far East is so subdued to the character development that the universality of the theme stands out boldly, conferring upon the background itself a surprising and familiar reality. In plot there is nothing new in the career of Wang Lung—it is the oft-told story of the rise of the wealthy landed proprietor whose fortune has been built by patient and unremitting toil. Wang Lung shares with countless peasant brothers their intense love of the soil. From it he derives everything necessary for his body and soul—when famine visits the land he and his children even eat "the good earth" and, unhappy in his luxurious city house, he returns to his flourishing acres for solace and preparation for death. And again following the usual pattern, Mrs. Buck clearly foreshadows the disintegration of Wang Lung's fortune in his children's intention to sell and divide. In extremely simple prose—prose which sometimes becomes almost naive—she writes what is at once a fine character study and an epic of the soil.

CONTRIBUTORS

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